

Edensor near Chatsworth. Aug. 5th. 1957

Dear Sue I have come to the conclusion that my wisest plan is to make another leap in my journal, & take it up where we began our travels again last Saturday - For my time will be so fully occupied now until we sail, that to keep up with passing events will be more than I can do I fear - So Saturday last the fearful amount of packing being at last all accomplished & our things sent off for Liverpool, & only a small portion of luggage left with us, after an early dinner we bade good bye to good old Mrs. Cook & our small little lodgings, & took our departure by rail - Aunt Anna & Mary of course with us - In London we drove across ^{3 miles} to the Euston Station & took the rail for Chesterfield - The reason we took that as our end was that Mrs. Toddhunter was there nursing a brother of Mrs. Toddhunter's who had both legs broken by a rail-way accident last May, & who is still kept there - And Chesterfield too lies nicely in the vicinity of Hardwick & Haddon Halls, & of Chatsworth, so we could see them readily from that centre - We reached Chesterfield without adventure, only we were at least an hour late, & instead of being there at 10 did not get there until 11 - And certainly one can imagine no greater scene of confusion than getting off on an English S.T.W. In the first place no tickets are given for luggage, & there is rarely a special van for it, but it generally goes upon the top of the carriage you are in, so you must keep a look out for it all the time, & hope for you, if there happens to be a crowd, if you can get a porter to attend to you until just as the train is starting; and none that the S.T.W. porters are allowed on the platform - Then the trains have no signs to designate them, & you must look sharp to see you are in the right train, & then in the right carriage, for most likely it is separated at two or three places; & if you are to change carriages during your journey you must see your luggage is changed too - And how strange that people so over-critical as the English are about arrangements for travelling in other countries should be so content with such clumsy, uncomfortable management at home - For really England, except for the language, is the most uncomfortable & difficult country I have travelled in! - On the Continent when your luggage is taken on your arrival, a ticket is given for it

It; And you cannot get it again until your ticket is presented -
So you may go off & leave it, or send it before you do you wish to
stop anywhere; & without any care of yours, from the time of
its delivery until you receive it, be sure it is quite safe - And
our arrangement of check saves much confusion - And no one
with us presumes to interfere with the carrying of his luggage
until he reaches his destination - But in England everything
is arranged for the idea of travelling with servants, whose busi-
ness of course it is to look after such things - Now at least we
reached our journey's end, & drove to the Angel Hotel - And were
shown into rather a dreary sitting-room near the end of a hall-
room & of course two stories high & scantily furnished - Not a very
charming introduction to Aunt Anna & Miss & English and Sunday
morning & some went to see Mrs. Toddhunter while the women kind were
perched up in a chair & then we went to church. I cannot say how
well the time was spent so. Mrs. Toddhunter came to see us at 12, & it
was really pleasant to see her sweet face & receive her warm
welcome. Dr. G. went to dine with her at the hotel where
there are 2 more brothers-in-law & Mrs. Toddhunter who was in the
train at the time of the accident but was not so seriously injured
& Dr. G. is a friend of Mrs. G. & Toddhunter's the minister, who is taking
care of him - After dinner Dr. G. went in to see Mrs. G. & after
dinner I was made a little visit - It was a frightful accident
& so terrible, from their carelessness as to add to its injury - They
were in the par. train coming from London on the time table &
had been much delayed & as they came out from a long tunnel
stopped for about 5 minutes to clear some accident to their engine
& second there was a luggage train behind them & it being a cold rainy
night the engine-driver went on more quick than he had any right
to but as he was in a hurry to get home - The passenger Express
train was being in motion again when they were run into by this
luggage train - There were only two first class carriages & they were in
the last division of the last carriage - Anna & I was thrown down
a bank & badly injured but no bones broken - John was entangled
in the fragments of the car which was shivered in every direction
& I can't say how associated with such a broken vessel below the neck
& should I want a rest - I came with them women, as we were expected

... in the room carriage and his own broken & died in the evening
when ... Mrs. Toddhunter is now gaining fast but
has been lying there 11 weeks, I suppose it won't still be some time
before he can be moved - He looked better though in the face than
I expected to see him - But poor fellow it is a long tedious thing
so far too many from home - He went back for Aunt Anna & then
to the evening service at 5 o'clock & then we went to take tea with Mrs.
Toddhunter - There is something very pleasing in the fact that she
does hardly remark about them, & so much fun & they induce too
and Mrs. Toddhunter amused us much by his accounts of the English view
news in appreciative humor - He said he & his brother would often amuse
themselves by talking in this joking way & the English would not seem to
understand it at all - He said if they cogitated over it for half an hour they
would again be said out perhaps there was something in it - He said that
one night his brother had seen very restless but the next night he was much
better - & since the last visit of the Dr. he had seen something like a spirit
into school & when they came they asked him why he had put so much
trouble about him but he answered he was so much like a lamb that night
he thought he would make him as much as possible like a sheep in
the day - He said they looked at him as if he were mad but about
10 minutes afterwards they seemed to have found out there was some
fun in it by talking it as he called & then he said it seemed as if they
would roll in the floor - But to hear his stories with his quick account &
inimitable manner is something very rich & the words come down
like a hot iron in the hand. We arranged an excursion for the next
day in which Mrs. Toddhunter & her brother were to join us - So on Mon-
day morning they came in a carriage which rode in 4 ladies inside
& the 2 gentlemen in front the box & we had a Jostellon - First we
drove by Belvoir castle situated on a beautifully commanding
position - We drove to look at a park which had some 12 miles not
from the city, I suppose - for it was built as a park some years ago
but of the early period James the 1st on his way from Ireland - It
was built of round one a year rail-room was built to entertain the
gentle at the festivities on the occasion - They are in the queer mixed
architecture of the time - But the later inhabitants having no use for
them have allowed them to go to ruin & fine & picturesque ruins
they make us grow with joy & I have heard of getting people
prodded from the walls - From Belvoir we drove through a pretty
country & Sandwick Hall a stately old mansion built by the 1st Duke of

remains of Shrewsbury in the time of Queen Elizabeth a great favorite of hers.
She married 4 husbands & apparently got the upper hand of them all at
any rate she got immense fortunes & founded four noble houses in her
descendants. She built an enormous number of palaces so for a pygmy
foretold so long as she built she would not die. After she was 90 she
was still building somewhere in Kent I believe when it being very cold
the workman came & told her the masons froze & they must stop she
told them not to stop but to draw all the lead in the collar but all the lead
was frozen. So the building stopped & she died says tradition. - Hardwicke
Hall is the property of the Duke of Devonshire for the Peverish family
are her descendants by her first husband. - It has a magnificent situation
commanding a beautiful view but not quite so fine as the old house of
Ademyll time in which Bess was born & which she pulled down to build
her new one that stands in advance a little & is a splendid mass
of ruin overgrown on one side with a growth the most magnificent ever
ever saw. The new house is like a lantern or filled with it with great
windows & the ornaments of balustrading in the roof show E. Elizabeth
Shrewsbury very conspicuously. You enter a square courtyard surrounded
by high stone walls & laid out in pin walks. The flower beds making
E. S. & the house view in front formal & stately. The inside has been pre-
served almost exactly as it was left & is filled with abundance of old
tapestry. Some of it very fine & spirited. There is a statue of Mary Queen
of Scots by Westmacott in the entrance hall. She was imprisoned for some time
in the old house of Hardwicke & there is still preserved ^{here} the bed she slept
upon & some of the furniture of her room when she was confined at that
month. - And some of the tapestry is said to be her work & that of her
attendants. It was very interesting going through the old house. The fine
large rooms must have been very stately for those days & they were not
as staining light as one would have imagined from the size of the
windows externally for the little leaded panes which pass a heavy frame
effectually soften it. There were even many curious old pieces of
furniture & one very fine long gallery was tiled with family portraits
many of them about 1700. There is a full length original
of Queen Bess from her to King of Shrewsbury in the extraordinary cov-
erment she wore to delight in. A portrait of Bess herself hard & cold & keen
& three of her husbands about her, & many others very interesting. We
were shown by the house keeper a room in which it was said Mary was
confined, but unfortunately this Hardwicke was built after her death -
leaving Hardwicke we took our carriage again & drove on to the town of
Mansfield through what was formerly Sherwood west of the heart of Robin
Hoods domain now a cultivated country with pretty cottages & substantial
farm-houses. At Mansfield we stopped at the inn & ordered dinner took
fresh post-horn leaving ours to rest & drove on to Newstead Abbey. The

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country we passed through was more barren than any I had seen in England more like wild Country such as one travels through in more unsettled places at home - But beautiful, heath was breaching wide its simple bosoms & the undergrowth of ferns was in many places supplanted by ferns & stately grasses, reared themselves by the way-side. There was a most superb vale in front of the park gate, which we all ate around while the postillion ran for the bus. And entering we drove for some distance through wild woods & open spaces overgrown with ferns. There were plenty of rabbit burrows about & quantities of rabbits hopping off & hiding themselves in the ferns as we came by. And great stately ravens stalling about on the grass - Passing through another gate we came to a more cleared & cultivated park & soon drove us by the little piece of water in front of Newstead Abbey. Two or three footmen appeared at the door & on asking if we could see the abbey summoned the house-keeper a lady-like looking person so elegant in appearance it seemed quite an insult to offer her money but I suppose she would have been more satisfied if we had not. Newstead Abbey was when built a small monastery which received gifts & was honored by visits from Edward III & Henry VII. Henry VIII seized it of course & presented it to the Byrons they turned it into a family residence, enlarged the chapel & built chambers into a portion carried low corridors round the cloisters & perhaps made it more convenient than tasteful. Lord Byron sold it to Col. Milderham a school fellow & old friend who seems to have loved the place & realized its beauties more than any of his predecessors - He found in a little pond in the garden a brass case containing in excellent preservation the plans of the old monastery & the different parts - And Col. Milderham has gone most accurately by these plans in his restorations which are in most admirable taste for in Lord Byron's time the place must have been almost a complete ruin - All the parts are preserved or rebuilt except the Chapel some of the chambers encroach on this but the interior is gone grass laid out with walks the only portion of the walls remaining being the Western front which is a beautiful fragment. It is now gone with ivy. First we were shown through a long low arched walk as it were in the cloisters the beauty of which ~~was~~ much injured by the low roofings the Byrons put on to get the worms overhead - In the centre stands a graceful mountain ornamented with grotesque figures which forms a stand in front of the Abbey & where the pilgrims used to wash their feet. From these quiet cloisters opened the monks old chapter house now filled up for the Chapel with a pretty archway

& clustered columns - In Lord Byron's time it was his dog kennel. In a dark hole we looked into they said was his swimming bath. Then going up a winding stair we were shown into his bed-chamber just as it he left it only one or two small pieces enumerated as added - The coronets on the corner of the bed the easy chair the table &c. In the dressing room was the portrait of the old steward who had been so long in the family & who was to be buried in the garden with Lord Byron & the dog. Col. Meldonan kept him in his service & asked him if on his death he wished to be buried in the garden. He said if he was sure his master would come there. But he should not like to be left alone there with the dog. He died before Lord Byron & so was buried in the village church-yard near by - He was over 90. Thence we went into a long room looking out most enchantingly from its bay windows into the old chapel & giving a nice view of its ruined front this was in Lord Byron's time a sort of barrack room fitted up with beds for young men who came to stay there - Now it is a library & I think one of the most fascinating rooms I ever saw! And some interesting old portraits -

Dublin - Friday A.M. Aug. 24th -

I am sorry to leave you all standing in Newstead Abbey & this week still giving so much to say! But one must travel to know how hard it is to write! - We reached here last Ev. & am sorry to say Aunt Anna is not well - & so cannot write today. Please send word to that effect to her - She has got somewhat out of order & keeps over - done -

Thanks, dear Sue, for this week's letter & to Lizzie too - And twice to dear little Charlie for his - The little finger mark, I could not but kiss it! - They all insisted on our coming in to Mr. Loddin's.

I must finish for the mail & beg you to make any corrections or stops necessary for I have no time to read over -

Very affectionately
Jane